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DAVID LEE CHILD, Editor.

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esk plain; there is more force in names it men dream of; and a lie may keep as whole age loneary fit it shall be a supported by the shall be a shall be a supported by the shall be a supported by the shall be a shall be a supported by the shall be a sh

From the Missouri Reports
TEXAS MEETING.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, FEB'Y. 1, 1844.



Congress.

NOTICES.

Doctry.

From the Democratic Review CHANNING." BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Not vainly did old poets tell, Nor vainly did old genius paint, God's great and crowning miracle, The hero and the saint!

For even in a faithless day

Can we our sainted ones discern;

And feel, while with them on the way,

Our hearts within us hurn.

And thus the common tongue and pea Which world-wide echo Channing's fan As one of Heaven's anointed men Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar, And shut from him her saintly prize, Whom, in the world's great calendar, All men shall canonize.

By Narragansett's sunny hay, Beneath his green embowering wood, To me it seems but yesterday Since at his side I stood.

And with us one who, plain and tru Life's highest purpose understood, And like his blessed Master knew The joy of doing good.

nlearned, unknown to lettered fame, Yet on the lips of England's poor nd toiling millions dwelt his name, With hlessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where The sun looks o'er the Carib sea, It blended with the freeman's prayer And song of jubilee.

He spoke of England's mighty wrong, The ills her suffering children knew, Where Hope, outworn by waiting long, The last pale light withdrew.

O'er Channing's face the tendernd Of sympathetic sorrow stole, Like a still shadow, passionless, The sorrow of the soul.

But when the generous Briton told, How hearts were answering to his own, And Freedom's rising murmur rolled Up to the dull-eared throne.

saw, methought, a glad surprise
Thrill through that frail and pain-worn frame
and kindling in those deep, calm eyes,
A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as:
The homan heart—the Falth-sow
Which ripen in the soil of love
To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or elime were felt—
The Babel strife of tongues had ceased;
And, at one common altar knelt
The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain: with strength renewed,
And zeal-refreshed, and hope less dim,
For that hrief-meeting, each pursued
The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill And vale with Channing's dying word! How are the hearts of freemen still By that great warning stirred!

ad the calm stranger—where is he? He treads his native soil once more, peaceful leader of the free, A pleader for the poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers full, Old fears subside, old hatreds melt, and, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall, The Saxon greets the Celt.

The Asson greets the Cell.

The yeoman on the Scotish lines,
The Sheffield grinder, worn and grins,
The delver in the Cornwall mines,
Look up with hope to him.

Ewart amiters of the glowing steel,
Dark jieselver of the lorge is flame,
Pale watchers at the Joom and wheel,
Repeat his honored name.

Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour
Of conserve by Rhode Jainat's strand,
Lives in the ealm, resistlets power
Which moreo our fatherland.

God hissess still the generous thought,
And still the feeling word He speeds,
And Truth, at His requiring taught,
He quidens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?
What dost upon the spirit lile?
God keeps the sacred life He gave—
The Prophet never dies.

WINTER.

WINTER.
Winter has come again. The sweet Southwest as YN. F. WILED.
Winter has come again. The sweet Southwest has indeed and the strong earth Has leid saide its mandle to be bound by the foot teler. There is not as sound Save the Anter's heel, and there is laid and its desire its mandle to be bound By the foot teler. There is not as sound Save the Anter's heel, and there is laid and its great season of the light of sections. And the snow-fill is noticeles as thought. Spring has a ranking sound, and Summer sends Many sweet voices with its doors of And Astum resideh is decaying robe With a complexing whisper. Winter's dumb! God made his ministry a ullent one. And he has highen him a fixed of steel, And an unlovely aspect, and a breath Sampto the sense—and we know that He Temperch well, and hash a meaning hid Lugher the shadow of His hand. Lots up! And it shall be interpreted—Your home Hash a tempation now. There is no vice Of waters with begulling for your ear, And the cool forest and the meadlows green Witch not your feet sway; and in the delli Theren's no so many places to lie down. You must so in, and by your cheerful fire White for the Offices of how, and her all feedows. You must so in, and by your cheerful fire White free host fees of how, and her all feedows. You must so in, and by your cheerful fire White free host fees of how, and her all feedows in the season for the quiet thought, and the sell receiving with thyself. The year Gives back the spirit's of its dead," and Time White the Hast in the sellent him a flections up. Connecth his wasted inputs. Life stands sill, and settles like a footnitin, and the eye See elearly through its depths, and notest all Tiat silvered its resoluted waters. It is well That yinter with the dying year should come.